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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

[SINGL

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Literary Department.

From the Rural New Yorker.

UNDER THE BEAUTIFUL MOON.

BY A. A. HOPKINS.

Under the beautiful moon to-night,
Silently sleeps the crowded town,
Tenderly, dreamily floats the light,
Over the wanderers up and down;
Echoing faintly along the street,
Ever are heard the restless feet
Plodding so wearily,
Sadly and drearily,
Onward the last of a hope to meet.

Under the beautiful moon there sleeps
Many and many a fair young face,
Many and many a mother weeps
Bitterly over her child's disgrace;
Smiles, be they false, till the sun is set,
Under the moon may the cheeks be wet,
Sighingly, tearfully
Sadly and fearfully,
Many a heart that would fain forget.

Under the beautiful moon there go,
Planting their shame in its holy light,
Faces of loveliness to and fro,
Straying from purity far by night,
Goodness and truth for the light of day,
Under the moon may the bad have say:
Oh could the beautiful
Ever be dutiful
Loving might gladden their hearts away!

Under the beautiful moon there rest
Vicious and pure as the hours go on,
Souls that in love and life are blest,
Faces of wretchedness pale and wan;
Happiness under the moon may sleep,
Misery under the moon may weep,
Painfully, throbbingly,
Hearts may make moan over sorrows deep!

Under the beautiful moon to-night,
Many will dream of the loved and lost;
Many live over with sad delight
Hours when they suffered and sorrowed most,
Tears for the lost when the day is fled,
Under the moon may their names be said
Fondly, endearingly,
Never so cheerily
Memory breathes of the loved and dead.

WILFRED MONTRESSOR;

OR,

THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN.

A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LACY, OR THE COQUETTE," ETC.

BOOK SECOND—THE DISCOVERY.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ROBBER—THE POLICE OFFICER.

Come in Fogle; I am glad to see you." Such was Hugh Simonson's salutation to his visitor. The new comer, James Fogle, was a thin, spare man, dressed in a coarse, slovenly garb. His features were common place, his complexion sallow, and his eyes almost perpetually downcast, gave a demure expression to his countenance. He rarely looked directly at the person he was addressing, but, peering through his eye-lids, spoke in a slow, monotonous voice, without passion or emotion.

Fogle passed through the entry into Simonson's apartment, and closed the door cautiously behind him; then he approached his host and taking him by the hand calmly observed:

"You have two great faults, Hugh; you talk too loudly, and you call names."

"Why, damn it, man, there is no spy in the house."

"You don't know that."

"If I thought so," said Simonson, grinding his teeth, "I would twist his neck for him as soon as I would a chicken's."

"There—there—don't go off in a passion. That is another fault of yours. The slightest thing excites you. Keep cool, Hugh."

"I am not like you, Jim—that's a fact. don't believe that poverty or dungeon, the cholera or the devil, would startle you out of your easy, quiet manner."

"No matter," replied Fogle, with a careless wave of the hand:

"What have you been doing lately?"

"Nothing."

"No?" said James Fogle, with a peculiar change of tone, at the same time raising his eye-lids till the glittering eye-balls were visible to his companion.

"I mean stammered Simonson, confusedly, that I have done nothing except—except a trifling adventure—a—"

"So you have secrets, Hugh?"

"Secrets, Jim—secrets?"

"No matter. I knew you had been out, for I heard at Pete Tompkin's that you were flush of money."

"A mere trifle, not worth an hour's talk.

But I won't play a double game, Jim Fogle. I have money, and if you are in want of a few dollars, you shall have them with pleasure."

"No—I am never in want of a few dollars. I don't break my little bank, once a fortnight, as you do yours."

"I spend and you hoard," replied Simonson, laughing; "but I have good bankers to draw on and cannot see the necessity of accumulating."

"By and by you will be sorry."

"You are a good one, Jim, and so am I; but we are built after a different pattern, and can't pull the same way."

"No—Sing Sing lies up the river, and I am for giving it a wide birth."

"Damn it, man," said Simonson, fiercely, "don't prophesy anything about stone walls."

"You don't like them, Hugh," murmured Fogle, in his peculiar monotonous manner. "Gold is the key which unlocks their iron gates."

"And I mean to have it," retorted Simonson; "plenty of it; to bribe lawyers, and jurors, and goalers, if need be. I understand the game."

"Yes," said Fogle, opening his eye-lids widely and staring at the robber.

The monosyllables no and yes, from Fogle's lips, had a meaning which it is difficult to express, but to which Simonson had become in a measure accustomed.

"I told you that I was glad to see you this afternoon. With your cunning, Jim, and my daring, there are thousands to be had on a single venture. I obtained my information from the best authority."

"Well, well, Hugh," said Simonson, entering into the details of some intelligence he had received respecting a valuable deposit of gold and silver plate in a private mansion in Blecker street. The two thieves, for the character of these men has disclosed itself fully in their converse with each other, held a long consultation upon a scheme for abstracting these valuables from their possessor. The result will appear hereafter.

It was nearly nightfall when James Fogle rose to take his departure.

"What say you to a frolic this evening, Jim?" said Simonson.

"With all your pretended gravity, I know you like a bit of fun as well as any of the tip top flash men."

"To the point, Hugh."

"There is to be a regular break down at Charley Swan's to night, and I have made up my mind to patronize the sport. Will you come?"

"As it happens, Hugh. If I come you will see me; if I don't—"

"I shall see blacker devils, if not bigger ones," said Simonson, interrupting him, and accompanying this coarse sally with a burst of laughter.

James Fogle walked very slowly down Orange street, ruminating seriously upon the subject of his recent conversation with Hugh Simonson. As he passed the corner of Leonard street he was accosted by a large, portly man who gently tapped him on the shoulder, and said mildly, yet authoritatively:

"Fogle—a word with you."

The thief stopped instantly and peered through his eye-lids at the speaker.

"An hundred, Mr. Masters, if you please."

"Follow me, then," replied the other, turning the corner and proceeding a few steps along the narrow street.

The countenance of Masters was hardly discernible in the dusk of evening. But his demeanor, his gait, his person, had an air of firmness and decision which was eminently characteristic of the man. He wore a suit of black or dark brown cloth, and sported a rattle cape mounted with a leaden ball covered with twine.

He slackened his speed as he went on, and finally addressed his companion with some sternness:

"This is the road to the Tombs, Fogle."

The thief paused a moment, looked intently up and down the street, and replied:

"So it is."

"Your calmness will not deceive me, Jim; I know you better. There is nothing you fear more than the handcuffs, and I assure you that you are in imminent danger of enjoying them. I have proof sufficient in this Bradbury business to send you to Sing Sing for ten years."

"No?"

"I tell you, yes."

"You won't do it then."

"Don't trust too strongly to that belief, James Fogle," said the police officer, dryly: "You are daily becoming more and more useless to me."

"You forget—"

"I forget nothing. A little more briskly—

we are bound to the Tombs."

"Are you in earnest?" inquired Fogle, with a change of tone that fell perceptibly on the acute ears of the police officer.

"I am," replied Masters. "You are a consummate rogue, and you shall not go with impunity any longer on such cheap terms. How was it in the Bradbury affair? Three thousand dollars worth of watches and jewelry, stolen by the Hawkins' gang, and you in the secret all the while—a bribed accomplice."

"I knew nothing of it," said Fogle, with a slight degree of sullenness.

"Don't lie, Jim. You ought to know from experience that it will not do with me."

"Hawkins is a regular pal; we used to do business together many years ago."

"A regular pal?—so much the worse. You might better have taken care of yourself than of him—not to say any thing of your debt of gratitude to me."

James Fogle stopped suddenly beneath a glimmering lamp, and looked steadfastly in the face of the police officer—then observed, with an air of the utmost composure:

"I know you, Mark Masters, as well as you know me. You are not in earnest in threatening to sacrifice a man who has served you so often."

"Partly in earnest, Jim—partly not. I have given you suitable rewards for information, and have overlooked many acts of desperate villany on your part. But you have grown very offish of late."

"They began to suspect me all round, and I had to hold up."

"In giving out such a story in the city. I know precisely how many dollars you have fingered within the past fortnight. I tell you, sincerely, things shall not go on in this way."

"You need not threaten me, Mr. Masters. I was just coming to your office to consult you upon an affair that's in the wind."

"Well, well; before you proceed I wish to ask you some questions."

"If I answer them," said the thief, inquiring—"I am free to go where I will?"

"For this time, Fogle," replied the police officer, adding with a tone of decision: "until I ascertain that I cannot depend upon you."

A little sullenness was again visible in the tones of Fogle's voice.

"I will answer you truly, Mr. Masters."

"Where is Hawkins?"

"In Philadelphia."

"And the rest of his gang—Wilson, B. Marshall, —"

"Gone into the Jerseys to try their luck."

"They are out of it, then," muttered the officer, indistinctly. Addressing the thief he continued:

"Have any of the old ones committed a burglary within the last three or four days?"

"Not to my knowledge, Mr. Masters: but I suspect—"

"What?—who?"

"I suspect that Hugh Simonson has been out. They say he has a pocketful of money."

"Hugh Simonson?—an ugly customer."

"He is the man that proposes the new job—a lot of gold and silver plate. He says he has a fresh hand in view, whom he thinks of bringing forward."

"Do you know how he received the pewter, Jim?"

"He was mum, even to me. There is something a little strange about it."

"Where can I find him?"

"He was at home an hour ago; but don't think you will find him at present. He will be at a dance at Charley Swain's to night."

"At Charley Swain's, in Centre Street?"

"I am to meet him there, Mr. Masters."

The police officer ruminated silently.

"What shall be done with the new job of which I spoke?"

"Let the business proceed to maturity, and keep me advised of every thing. Above all, Fogle, remember what I have told you." With these words Mark Masters kind the thief separated.

Talmudic Proverbs.

Even when the gates of prayer are shut in Heaven, those of tears are open.

When the righteous die, it is the earth that loses. The lost jewel will always be a jewel, but the one who has lost it—well may he weep.

The reward of good words is like dates; sweet and ripening late.

To slander is to murder.

Thy friend has a friend, and thy friend's friend has a friend—be discreet.

The camel wanted to have horns and they took away his ears.

Decend a step in choosing a wife, and mount a step in choosing a friend.

An ingenious individual has invented a way of telegraphing, which has been put in practice at the gold-room on Broad street, New York. The wires, diverging from the gold-room and connecting with the offices of the brokers in all parts of the city are operated by one person seated before a bank of keys representing the nine digits, and when any of them are touched the same figures turn up in front of the gold brokers in their offices. They can thus be constantly posted on the price of gold and stocks, at the same time dispensing with an army of boys, who can now aspire to become boot-blacks.

A dispatch from Madison, Indiana, December 5th, says: Last night, at half-past 11 o'clock, the magnificent steamer, United States, descending, and the America, ascending, collided at Ray's landing, about two miles about Warsaw, on the Indiana side. The United States had a quantity of petroleum oil on her guard. The America struck the United States on the star-board, forward of the steps, cutting into her a considerable distance, sinking the United States to the main deck in two minutes. Fire was communicated in some way to the petroleum oil, and, as soon as the boats collided, they were in flames.

It is supposed that seventy-five or eighty persons have lost their lives.

A letter written and sent to the press, from which it is taken, reached the press at the same time as the moon had reached the drops betokened.

A Curious Prediction.

A letter written and sent to the press, from which it is taken, reached the press at the same time as the moon had reached the drops betokened.

A letter written and sent to the press, from which it is taken, reached the press at the same time as the moon had reached the drops betokened.

In a few months you will see a number of our Generals arrested; among them even the former favorites of the Queen, Marshal Serrano, Count De la Torre. A new military movement is on foot; we have nothing to do with it; we shall simply step aside; and that conspiracy will fail. But a few months afterward you will see another rising, of a more extensive and decided nature. Our great towns are ready for that; and, be sure, the pronunciamiento will be made. The prediction thus communicated several months ago has certainly come to be fulfilled.

Original Essays.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

THE SPIRIT SONG.

BY LENORE FELTS.

Oh! we would come
To our earthly home,
And again we'd roam
Neath its azure dome
As we did in the blessed days
When dear eyes shone
Within our own
Ere sorrows moan
Had marred the tone
That blent with our own wild lays.

Oh! we love to stand
On the dear old land
Where our youthful band
Had hand in hand
Passed many a blissful hour,
And soft
The sighs of the woodland bower.

own luxuries. Every true Spiritualist, rich in this world's goods, will not only assent to this proposition, but become one to create a charitable fund for the poor but worthy applicants, and we can see how colleges may prove, in time, important auxiliaries.

But what could they do without preparatory schools?

The people are in advance of us, poor, weak, manœuvring experimenters. They are perfecting the common school, and lifting it up gradually to the capacities of the age. These schools are fundamental,—they are the perfect college. From these schools graduate the farmer, the mechanic, the artisan and all the chivalry of labor! And here, are the only statesmen worthy of our truly republican administration annealed in the practical studies of life. See, how every year the common school is becoming elevated, how in exact proportion, the College and University are sinking into insignificance before its majestic power.

The people don't take off their hats now or drop on their knees before the names of Howard, Yale, and St. Ursaline! Not a bit of it! Doctors of Divinity must stand on an equality with other tradesmen.

Colleges are getting mouldy and dilapidated, and many of them are becoming comparatively

world, and are not fairly understood by even the most advanced Spiritualists. Among these dogmas is that of the absolute existence of a Deity (as yet to be shown in these papers) and that of fate, destiny and pre-ordination, not in the sense of fixedness, but in the sense of increasing and vanishing forces of organization as played upon by the myriad streams of influences where to all beings are subjected. The felly of free will ought to be exploded because free so long as he is enveloped by influence-bearing atmospheres, whether these be oxygenic, carbonic, electric, chemical, social, actinic, domestic, climatic, magnetic, odic, ethereal, religious, refined, coarse, amatory, political, or any other; for all these tend to swerve him more or less, to warp his judgment, and control his thought, feeling and actions, and so long as this indisputable fact obtains he is not one whit more free in the absolute sense than an apple on the tree is free, which it cannot be so long as the law of acids, sweets, gravity, constitutes the elements of apple law. But unlike the fruit, man lives within the circle of vanishing qualities and accreting forces.

For instance, a man may be tempted to the very verge of doing a mean act toward any one and while yielding mentally before the covert act, may reach forth his hand and take a drink of brandy, which drink begets an additional inflammation; his virtue is a vanishing quality straightway, and his persistence—amatory intensity is an accreting force, and he goes to "the devil as straight as a string," totally without reference to free will, moral law, heaven, hell or Mrs. Gundry. Why? Because the coarser chemistry of the body has induced action in the finer chemistry of spirit, and these two win immediate victories over the soul—the fight being two against one.

Now will the casuists please weigh me, out the exact heft of that man's free will and guilt? When you want to catch a woman, bait the hook with diamonds—large—and she is very apt to bite! And when you want to catch a man, bait with a pretty woman, and, you, will go home with more game than hunter ever yet returned with. Good morning, free will.

Free will is all a fleeting show—

To amuse us in life's span.

Man wants but woman here below,

And woman wants but man.

"What'll you bet that isn't true?" said a dis-

embodied gentleman at my side—a great poet, and a natural one, as I penned the lines.

I admitted its truth, and prosily asked,

"Why?"

Said he, "you're a fool. God in matter and

nature, as you know it, is but the spirit of life,

growth, increase, increment—that and that only

is his mode in this department of what is—and

the most of what is lays beyond the reach of

matter-environed intellect, and all it is good for

is to grow; all matter is good, for it is to afford

a theatre of forces, and all man has to do below

is, and repeat, not only with

lightly begotten and born young ones—a vast

improvement on their parents—but with all

possible improving agencies.

God does not trouble himself about whether

Molly's child was born after being commissioned

properly by the Rev. Dr. Wind-bag in a surplice,

or after, but whether the child can eat his al-

lowance and turn it into good quantity and

quality of clear brain. He does not care wheth-

er John marries Sally, but that each shall marry

some body and soul; for the earth, and air, and

sunshine and matter, were all specially destined

as nurseries of the incarnate God, by the view-

less chief of all existence; and as it happens

that every particle and atom has life, and force,

and power, and destiny, in exact ratio with the

subtlety and fineness of itself, it follows that

aggregation thereof must also have a deter-

mined destiny by reason of the size, shape,

etc., of the constituent atoms, and so

on, and Bill, as chemical existences act just as

their organizations vote they shall, acting in

concert with the tremendous concourse of eter-

nal forces that forever play upon them in

myriad ways, alternately changing, the vanish-

ing and accreting quantities and tendencies. God

to-day, devil yesterday, a mixture of both to-

morrow, resulting in crystalizing all that is good

and purging away the bad, whether physical,

mental or moral, for as God is the spirit of push,

he pushes all to the better ends, and as speedily

as possible gets us out of the cellars of life into

its drawing rooms and parlors.

Unquestionably, our organizations determine

the grooves we move in, and no thought, act or

deed, but what is the only possible result of the

combined gale of influences that blows upon us

from the cradle to the grave. We hold that

there are two auras or effluences born with us,

the nature of which depends upon the prepon-

derance of good or evil that has obtained all

along the back line of ancestry at the front of

which we individually stand. If the good or

smooth prevail, so will it be with us on the

troublesome journey called life; and conversely

if ill prevailed.

No judge or jury that ever tried a victim for

his liberty or life, was or is competent to tell

how far a man was responsible for any given

deed; for he may have done it as a sort of blis-

ter-proxy—slumbering yet gathering force for

long periods, and breaking out in any given

moment of our lives, when chemical or other

states were exactly right for that sort of devel-

opment; hence present prison codes are a hum-

bug, law courts a solemn farce, justice a tragedy,

the gallows an infamous ulcer on the body polit-

ic, a blunder; and this partly because we beget

bodies, but God makes souls, and if by folly we

build bad tenements, what wonder that the ten-

ants often grow irksome and raise hell where

heaven ought to reign?

We are not free willites; we are powerless to

correct the organic faults of ourselves, but can

by loving living do much toward a better state

of things for our posterity; and this brings me

to the subject of love marriage and divorce, which

shall be sifted in the next Rosicrucian paper."

The Universe is Good and Evil, and not Progressive.

BY AUSTIN KENT.

BROTHER JONES:—I hate unnecessarily long articles, and must not punish you or myself by full replies to misconceptions of my former short articles. If possible, I must make myself understood, and then beg all persons to write no random replies, as important truths will yet be seen to be as demonstrable as mathematics.

My positions restated: First—What is, is not alone good, or alone evil, but is good and evil. The evil is as real as the good.

You may call this something (by which I comprehend all mind and all matter) the universe, nature, necessity, fate, or personify and call it God or Devil. All is, no doubt, necessary to be; and, in its highest manifestations, is intelligent necessity. We call that which is, or gives happiness good, that which gives pain and misery, we call evil.

Second—There can be no infinite or perfect good, nor can there be infinite or unmitigated evil. If you personify and call good and evil, God and Devil, I here only affirm that neither alone is infinite. The first cannot be infinitely good or infinitely perfect, nor can the last be infinitely bad, and

First—Because if one were infinite, it would leave no room for the other.

Second—No being, especially no good being, can be infinitely or perfectly happy while misery exists. Whether good or bad, each is a part of all.

Third—If a cause, a cause should produce its like.

Fourth—I conclude, neither good, or evil—neither happiness or misery, or their cause, could have had a beginning, nor can they have an end. Both must be eternal.

Now, if this proposition is untrue; if evil, and its cause had a beginning, good must have had a beginning also; and both must have an end. If finite beings—men, society, and fallen angels, were the voluntary and responsible causes of all moral evil; finite beings—men and angels, may have been the responsible cause of all good. It requires as much power to create or produce the one as the other. To me, as a conscious and personal individuality, both had a beginning, and I see not why both must not have an end.

Fifth—good and evil, progression and retrogression—in the universe (as a whole) must eternally balance each other. By progression, I mean improvement—change for the better—good gaining over evil. That is impossible. It implies, first, that the long past was infinitely worse than the present, and, second—a past eternity has been long enough to make the condition of the universe better than we find it, if it ever could.

The principles of this article, have been before the Spiritualist public for over a year, and I know not that any one has attempted a direct refutation of them.

If there is error in them, I cannot find it. Good being a necessity, makes infinite evil impossible. The necessity of evil does not lessen the pain and misery, or make it happiness. I expect a better life, coming. How long it will last, I know not.

To save misunderstanding, and to prevent random replies, I add—I do not deny but affirm that some men, and possibly all men, progress for a season in this, and in the coming life. I do not deny that, on the whole, our country, and even our earth, are improving at this time. I only affirm that if so, retrogression must somewhere be balancing it, that death, decay, is, equal to life, to growth.

Mind may change its condition, but can it ever be more or less, can it ever be increased or diminished?

What we call matter cannot be eternally passing into the condition we call mind, and never return, or go round to its former condition again. Matter or mind cannot eternally go on organizing itself, with no returns—no dissolutions.

Who believes he or she has been an eternal, conscious, intelligent being, and been in an eternal improvement—who? Reader, I was, once an orthodox clergyman. I dared to think and reason freely. It has cost me too much to relinquish it till my judgment is convinced that it is unwise. If reason is not a safe guide, can some one tell me what is more safe, and do this without using his reason to determine it?

I feelingly and solemnly ask—Can some one destroy the force of this article, and give us something better, and save reason? or do it in harmony with reason, without reason? Show me something better than reason, and I will lay down my reason to test it as I have reason.

Stockholm, New York, Nov. 1868.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Declaration of Principles of the Iowa State Spiritualist Association.

BY B. N. KINYON.

BROTHER JONES:—In the publication of the "Declaration of Principles of the Iowa State Spiritual Association, in your last issue, I find a few mistakes as to so-called free-love. It should read thus:—"That the use of the sexes is reproduction of their kind, and affinization and union as exact and equal counterparts of each other, that each one of the male sex will find an exact and equal counterpart in the female sex, and vice versa; that when the exact and equal counterpart affinize and blend, the marriage is eternal, and such marriage will occur in this or succeeding spheres; hence, we believe that monogamy, or only one true marriage of the sexes, is settled by the divine laws of God and nature, and essential to the fullest happiness of the individuals of the different sexes, and so called "free-love," "polygamy," and indiscriminate sexual indulgence improper and hurtful substitutions for true marriage."

In the proceedings of the convention, I find the following in the Friday-morning's session: "A general conference was now had—speakers limited to twenty minutes time. A little confu-

sion here arose, occasioned by W. W. King, Universalist minister, charging the Spiritualists with being arrogant and bigoted—that they claimed as a body they were the founders of the ideas of progression, which they had no lawful right to do; and that they were common with his church for past ages. Harmony being again restored the convention adjourned." This unexplained would seem to leave the impression that Bro. King obtruded himself upon the convention.

The contrary is true. During the conference, seeing Bro. King present unobtrusively in the audience, I remarked that I had listened to sermons and lectures by him with pleasure and profit, and would be pleased for him to come forward and speak to us. Several voices took up the call and he came forward and spoke for some minutes with characteristic ability and fluency. It is no eulogy to say that Bro. King is a man of solid ability and large unfoldment. I have deemed thus much proper to correct the impression, if any has been made, that Brother King obtruded himself upon the convention.

With me it is no matter whether the "ideas of progression" have existed for past ages in the Universalist church, or other churches, or whether claimed to have originated with Spiritualism or the Harmonial Philosophy; the real question of interest to me is, are they good ideas, and if so I propose to adopt them without regard to who claims them. It is time that the habit of regarding things and accepting them on account of the source, place, or person, from which they come, instead of the intrinsic merit of the thing itself, should be abolished, especially by Spiritualists.

In your proposition, Brother Jones, to let Spiritualism stand or fall upon its own merits and intrinsic capacity for endurance, I most heartily concur, and in order to give it a fair trial, and have all the benefits of criticism and analysis, I would have Spiritualists proclaim their creeds or beliefs, for they all have them. broad cast, and let the fires of criticism and analysis consume them if not wholly impervious. Put our creeds then to the ordeal, and let all that can be burned out be consumed, whereby we may obtain the true metal of eternal truth.

Let Spiritualists cease to "fight shy," or rather to fight at all, but hold aloft their best light, when, if no better or brighter than those already in the creeds of churches and state, we might as well subside, and follow the old paths. The world will call upon us for this contrast, and to know what we have better than is already had to offer. What answer will Spiritualists make to this call, which will settle the question whether Spiritualism shall survive and continue, or go out as meteoric?

Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 24, 1868.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Clairvoyant Revelations.

BY DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD.

DEAR BROTHER JONES:—Knowing that your soul is ever animated with the truths and principles of our inspiring gospel; I take a few minutes from the passing hours, and consecrate them to the readers of that brilliant paper which you have brought forth again with additional life and beauty, to bless and encourage reform and progress.

Last year, while I was lecturing and reading in the city of Galesburg, Illinois, a gentleman came into my office with a sorrowful countenance, and asked me if I could give him a test of my clairvoyant powers, and relieve him and his wife of the sorrow worse than death, that filled their hearts.

I said that I did not know, but that if he would be seated that I would try. He then said that his dear daughter had strangely disappeared from her home some three weeks ago, that he had employed some of the best detectives, and thus far no trace of their daughter could be found.

He handed me a small piece of the dress last worn by her at home, saying, that he believed that she was in the city of Chicago.

As I passed into the clairvoyant state, Chicago in all her living beauty and deformity was before me, but I could not see his daughter.

I then turned my attention to St. Louis, and in about five minutes I had scanned every department of it, and here I discovered the lost daughter, the object of parental love and search.

I bade the father to go to a certain street and number, which I gave him, and there he would meet his lost child. He started right off, and I have only to add that he found his dear daughter, and returned with her to his home, where there was great rejoicing and praise for what Spiritualism had done.

Two years ago I visited McHenry, Illinois, and gave a course of week evening lectures.

I saw and described many spirits, both embodied and disembodied, which were recognized and while stopping at Mr. and Mrs. Stocker's home one afternoon in company with some six or eight persons, the subject of clairvoyance was being discussed.

Mrs. Stocker said that she had heard much of it, and seen but little. She expressed a wish to test me a little. I said that she might do so. She left the parlor for a few minutes, and returning, said that she had hid something, and requested the spirit controlling me to find it. I requested them all to remain in the parlor. I became entranced and passed out into the kitchen, took down a felt hat and brought it into the parlor, took out of the hat a silver spoon, and said "this is what you hid, I have found it and here it is."

Mrs. Stocker said that it was even so; and then asked me to give her a clairvoyant examination, which I did to her entire satisfaction.

In my biographical sketches I will tell you and your readers how I came by this clairvoyant power, which should be cultivated and encouraged by us all.

The first printing done by steam was the issue of the London Times for November 23, 1814.

seek for it with a true ardor, and we shall find it each in ourselves.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

ROSICRUCIAN PAPERS, NO. 2.

Destiny--Pre-ordination--Fate.

BY P. B. RANDOLPH.

There are thousands of pseudo Rosicrucians extant, some of whom figure in Chicago, and there is a band of victims in Rochester, New York, and elsewhere, who by paying out their money are allowed to call themselves "lay members," because they lay greenback eggs for private consumption. There is also a large body of thinkers scattered over all lands who are Rosicrucians without a lodge. There is a Grand Lodge in California, and a Supreme Temple in the States, whereof P. B. Randolph has for sixteen years been Grand Master, and will remain so till the next election, which will be held in Cleveland Ohio at an early day, for the purpose of superseding him in that office, in view of possible death or confirmed illness.

Now this brotherhood, (and sisterhood also, since August last), held certain dogmas to be true, which are not believed by the Christian

world, and are not fairly understood by even the most advanced Spiritualists.

Among these dogmas is that of the absolute existence of a Deity (as yet to be shown in these papers) and that of fate, destiny and pre-ordination, not in the sense of fixedness, but in the sense of increasing and vanishing forces of organization as played upon by the myriad streams of influences where to all beings are subjected.

The felly of free will ought to be exploded because free so long as he is enveloped by influence-bearing atmospheres, whether these be oxygenic, carbonic, electric, chemical, social, actinic, domestic, climatic, magnetic, odic, ethereal, religious, refined, coarse, amatory, political, or any other; for all these tend to swerve him more or less, to warp his judgment, and control his thought, feeling and actions, and so long as this indisputable fact obtains he is not one whit more free in the absolute sense than an apple on the tree is free, which it cannot be so long as the law of acids, sweets, gravity, constitutes the elements of apple law.

But unlike the fruit, man lives within the circle of vanishing qualities and accreting forces.

For instance, a man may be tempted to the very verge of doing a mean act toward any one and while yielding mentally before the covert act, may reach forth his hand and take a drink of brandy, which drink begets an additional inflammation; his virtue is a vanishing quality straightway, and his persistence—amatory intensity is an accreting force, and he goes to "the devil as straight as a string," totally without reference to free will, moral law, heaven, hell or Mrs. Gundry.

Why? Because the coarser chemistry of the body has induced action in the finer chemistry of spirit, and these two win immediate victories over the soul—the fight being two against one.

Now will the casuists please weigh me, out the exact heft of that man's free will and guilt? When you want to catch a woman, bait the hook with diamonds—large—and she is very apt to bite! And when you want to catch a man, bait with a pretty woman, and, you, will go home with more game than hunter ever yet returned with.

Good morning, free will.

Free will is all a fleeting show—

To amuse us in life's span.

Man wants but woman here below,

And woman wants but man.

"What'll you bet that isn't true?" said a dis-

embodied gentleman at my side—a great poet, and a natural one, as I penned the lines.

I admitted its truth, and prosily asked,

"Why?"

Said he, "you're a fool. God in matter and

nature, as you know it, is but the spirit of life,

growth, increase, increment—that and that only

is his mode in this department of what is—and

the most of what is lays beyond the reach of

matter-environed intellect, and all it is good for

is to grow; all matter is good, for it is to afford

a theatre of forces, and all man has to do below

is, and repeat, not only with

lightly begotten and born young ones—a vast

improvement on their parents—but with all

possible improving agencies.

God does not trouble himself about whether

Molly's child was born after being commissioned

properly by the Rev. Dr. Wind-bag in a surplice,

or after, but whether the child can eat his al-

lowance and turn it into good quantity and

quality of clear brain. He does not care wheth-

er John marries Sally, but that each shall marry

some body and soul; for the earth, and air, and

sunshine and matter, were all specially destined

as nurseries of the incarnate God, by the view-

less chief of all existence; and as it happens

that every particle and atom has life, and force,

and power, and destiny, in exact ratio with the

subtlety and fineness of itself, it follows that

aggregation thereof must also have a deter-

mined destiny by reason of the size, shape,

etc., of the constituent atoms, and so

on, and Bill, as chemical existences act just as

their organizations vote they shall, acting in

concert with the tremendous concourse of eter-

nal forces that forever play upon them in

myriad ways, alternately changing, the vanish-

ing and accreting quantities and tendencies. God

to-day, devil yesterday, a mixture of both to-

morrow, resulting in crystalizing all that is good

and purging away the bad, whether physical,

Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 26, 1868.

OFFICE 84, 86 & 88 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,
JOHN W. SMITH, S. S. JONES,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.For Terms of Subscription see Premiums and Pros-
pectus on eighth page.Those sending money to this office for the JOURNAL,
should be careful to state whether it be a renewal, or a new
subscription, and write all proper names plainly.

S. S. JONES, Editor.

All letters and communications intended for the editorial
Department of this paper, should be addressed to S. S. J.
Jones. All business letters to John W. Smith.

84, Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Pen is mightier than the Sword.

TREATMENT FOR THE INSANE.

The efforts of reformers to better and ameliorate the condition of mankind should be directed to every condition in human life. And in no department is there a more urgent demand for reformation than in the treatment of prisoners and insane persons. Heretofore, an insane person has been regarded as worthy of the most close confinement and severe treatment, often aggravating instead of alleviating the sufferer's malady. Under the old system they were treated as wild beasts, to be looked at only through the iron bars of a cage. And although this severity is in a measure modified, there is evidently, nevertheless ample room for further reformation; to which we earnestly invite the careful and candid attention of every humanitarian and reformer.

In the first place the accommodations for insane persons are entirely inadequate. It is stated on good authority that in America, one person in every eight hundred and twenty-four is insane, and in five States, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa; there are 15,327 insane persons, while there is accommodation for only 2,000.

And in the second place, the present mode of huddling a large number together in the same pile of buildings together with the present mode of treatment, is pernicious in the extreme. The percentage of cures are known to be deplorably small; the exact amount we have not now at our command.

In England a new system already prevails, to marked advantage, entitled "The Cottage System;" the mere mention of which must strike the reader with its superior advantages.

For particulars concerning this system we are indebted to a contributor of the *Chicago Tribune*, of the 24th ult., who claims to be familiar with it. He says:

As the subject is important and interesting, I will briefly describe an institution, the Melbourne Lunatic Asylum, in which the "cottage system" has prevailed for eight years, and of which institution I was a member of the "Board of visitors." The extent of the grounds is 640 acres, or exactly a square mile, on which are erected thirty cottages, each of which contains there is an attendant, or nurse, whose duty it is to overlook the patients, to see that they take their sleep and meals regularly, to attend to their cleanliness and comfort, to report their condition twice a day to the Surgeon Superintendent, to accompany their charges in their walks, to supervise them at their games, &c.

For patients whose form of insanity is so severe that they are classed as "violent," there are suitable buildings provided, in which absolutely necessary restrictions, and no more are prescribed. As the health, mentally and physically, of this class of patients becomes improved, they are transferred to buildings where less restraint is imposed, until finally they become inmates of the cottages. In these very great freedom is permitted. There are no bars on the windows, no bolts or locks on the doors; there are no sombre, jail like walls on the outside, but an uninterrupted expanse of hill and dale, with houses scattered here and there. The grounds are enclosed by a simple three railed fence, through or over which any person can pass; and yet escapes are rarely attempted, and when they do occur the patients frequently return of their own accord. From various parts of the grounds they can see the general public passing to and fro; and, in a word, there is no appearance of restraint. Occasionally the patients (by this designation the insane are known in the asylum) accompany the attendants to the adjacent towns and villages, and to market; and, to general observers, there is nothing to indicate, either in dress or otherwise, the condition of the patient. His attendant, of course, knows the "sore point," the subject which must not be broached in conversation to his patient, and he accordingly avoids it.

Besides the flower-garden attached to each cottage, there are large vegetable gardens for the patients in general, which they take much pleasure and interest in cultivating. Of their own accord they gather vegetables, and generally in suitable quantities, for each meal.

The indoor amusements provided for the patients consist in billiards, bagatelle, draughts, backgammon, dominoes, cards, &c.; the outdoor recreations comprise ball, cricket, gardening, &c. There is besides a fortnightly ball given, to which about fifteen per cent of the patients are admitted. It is astonishing how polite they are to their partners, how proficient in dancing some of them become, and how rational on most subjects their conversation is. A number of sane, (or such as are considered so, for, according to Dr. Johnson no mind is perfectly sane except the Almighty's) are always invited to the balls; and the mixture of patients with outsiders has a most beneficial effect on the minds of the former, and gradually fit them for the outer world. The decorum and frequently the good-breeding exhibited by the patients in the ball room have been such that I have often been asked by invited guests to point out the insane portion of the assemblage.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Those who have paid two dollars for a year's subscription for the JOURNAL, when only half its present size, will find the figures on the margin of the paper changed to correspond with its present terms, for so much of their time as was unexpired at the enlargement.

If any one objects thereto, he or she, will oblige, by at once advising us of the fact. It costs us to get out the JOURNAL more than double what it did before its enlargement, yet we would much rather give any subscriber a year's subscription than have a word of complaint, whether well founded or otherwise.

POTENCY OF THE ANCIENT JEWISH CUSTOMS.

The existing institutions in society, such as Boards of Trade, Banks, Insurance offices, Faro Banks, and other gambling institutions generally, would not now be among us if the old Jewish customs had not been so highly venerated, and the property system so ingrafted in its religious dogmas, that to destroy one, would involve the annihilation of the other. For if you destroy the power of mammon you strike a vital blow at what is now termed Christianity, or the religion of the "elect," chosen from among the bloated bond holders and other capitalists, whose trade is oppression.

There is something strange in the human mind, when we reflect that when prosperity in flates a man he often becomes mean and selfish.

Generally speaking, wealthy individuals who have been obliged to earn their first thousand dollars by patient and laborious toil become so fixed in their accustomed habits of saving that they find it difficult to apportion their expenses to their incomes; which leads to the excessive accumulation of wealth by them—to their own surprise and that of the public generally.

The habit of saving is commendable, but great care should be exercised that this habit does not descend into parsimony, which degrades the individual.

The evangelical Christians of the present age still pertinaciously cling with a blind and besotted devotion to the customs of the past, to those barbarous and heathenish institutions of "the chosen people of God."

And it is not 'strange that science patiently and against an ocean of persecution, steadily continues to convince the rational mind of the utter absurdity of the writings of those designing and subtle priests of old.

Convincing proofs, from every age, have now accumulated to such an extent that none but those individuals of the most bigoted and selfish character, or the ignorant and superstitious masses of unlettered heathen in our midst—give any credence to the writings of the old testament, a being the result of a special and divine inspiration of a personal God, who is represented as being angry and pleased, and possessing all the caprices and whims of an earthly tyrant.

Oh how can men of learning, famed for their erudition and living in this age of discovery, of so many of the secrets of Nature's laws, with the wonders of Astronomical, Geological, and Spiritual science, blindly and persistently grope in the darkness of theological error, and adhere to the religion of their ancestors, and talk of an "offended and insulted God," of a crucified God, vicarious atonement, fall of man, total depravity, sins, devil, hell, fire and brimstone, &c.

THE WHIPPING POST.

A waif which we inserted upon the authority of an exchange, in a late number of the JOURNAL, stated that "the whipping post had been abolished in Delaware." But, through the courtesy kindness of a friend in an error. For this same friend has sent us a copy of the *Daily Wilmington Commercial* of Nov. 18th, 1868, from which we extract the following from the proceedings of the New Castle County Court.

State vs. Charles Wheatley.—The prisoner, who is from Kent county, was arraigned on an indictment for larceny. He, plead "not guilty." The evidence was to the effect that the prisoner left Mr. Shallcross, in Appoquinimink, for whom he had been working, with a pair of patent leather boots belonging to that gentleman, on his feet. He had gone to Mr. Shallcross the Saturday before Little Election. The prisoner had no counsel, and no rebutting testimony was offered. The jury rendered a verdict of guilty. Sentenced to pay restitution money, \$10, pay costs, be whipped on Saturday next with twenty lashes, and be imprisoned six months.

State vs. George Klutch.—Indicted for the larceny of a shirt, the property of Charles Bush. Plead not guilty. The evidence showed that the prisoner, a vagrant, entered the yard of Mr. Bush and took a shirt from the clothes line. He was observed by Catharine Haney, employed in the house, who ran down and caught him and held him until officer Olmstead arrested him with the stolen property in his possession. Verdict, guilty. Sentenced to pay as restitution \$3., to pay costs, be whipped on Saturday next with twenty lashes, be imprisoned one year, and wear a convict's jacket six months.

Matthew Perry, a small colored boy apparently about twelve years old, pleaded guilty to an indictment for the larceny of fifty pounds of pig iron, the property of the Lobdell Car-wheel Tire and Machine Company. The Court sentenced him to pay as restitution money, seventy-five cents, costs, be whipped on Saturday next with twenty lashes, be imprisoned six months, and wear a convict's jacket six months after his discharge. The boy is from Richmond Virginia.

These were a part of the proceedings of one day. Comment can scarcely be considered necessary. It is a wrong so hated that it needs only to be known to demand an immediate abatement.

A NEW PROPOSITION.

Feeling the necessity of giving our JOURNAL a wider circulation among Spiritualists and all other classes of readers, who are willing to know the truth, we propose to send the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, for three months to any new subscribers on receipt of twenty-five cents.

We make this proposition for the express purpose of giving our present subscribers an opportunity to contribute twenty-five cents, to put the JOURNAL into the hands of some acquaintance, for three months, that such persons may be the better enabled to judge of Spiritualism and this paper, devoted to its promulgation. Now, friends, a few dollars from each of you who are able to do so, will send the JOURNAL to many of your friends, who through your means, may become not only permanent subscribers to our paper, but fully converted to the truth of our philosophy. No one is too poor to send us at least one quarter of a dollar, for that purpose. It will only pay us for the bare cost of paper at wholesale prices, before it is printed,—come, friends, let us try the experiment. We want to begin at once.

WOMAN'S ADVOCATE.

We are in receipt of the first number of the first volume of a small, neat, yet spicy little paper, flourishing the name which forms the caption to this article.

It hails from Dayton, Ohio; which by the by, is evidently becoming quite a progressive city. J. J. Bellville is proprietor, and A. J. Boyer Editor; both males, we should infer. But no matter—all the better for that; because man owes woman a debt of gratitude, which, we regret to be compelled to admit has been accumulating, both in interest and principal, since the world had a beginning; and which, if not soon paid, or steps taken to liquidate the same, he will become bankrupt in the sight of heaven or the Spirit-world.

It is therefore gratifying to know that a few of the sex to whom we must *volens volens* confess we belong, are becoming sufficiently interested or alarmed, to take steps towards an *amende honorable*.

We believe friend Bellville and Boyer to be in earnest. Their Salutatory has the true ring, which we quote:

After mature deliberation we have determined to begin the publication of the WOMAN'S ADVOCATE, which we devote to the emancipation of Woman from religious, social, political, and moral slavery. We have been actuated to this step, not alone by an innate regard for the welfare of humanity in general, but also by an honest conviction that Woman is in bonds and ought to be free.

We are not alone in our views respecting woman, and the sphere she should occupy,—other noble souls are laboring zealously in the work of woman's liberation, and what has hitherto been but superficially considered, has now assumed such formidable proportions, and is arresting the earnest and undivided attention of so many of the leading minds of the age, that it is hoped the day of her redemption is in the immediate future.

From the earliest ages to the present, woman has been assigned a position ill-becoming her ennobling and aspiring nature. As the world has progressed from semi-barbarism, and its corresponding evils, intelligence and civilization has gradually superseded the innumerable theories that obtained in the dark ages, when brute force served the place of right; and thus woman has been following, at a too great distance in the rear, the advancing footsteps of her brother. Taking this view of the matter, we, with others, consider the present emphatically Woman's Hour.

Woman has never tasted of the sweets of perfect liberty. She cannot, in her present circumscribed condition, appreciate the blessings of a free womanhood. It then remains for man—her brother—to assist her, to elevate her to a position at his side. The ancient allegory places her by the side of her Adam, not at his head nor yet at his feet. God and nature designed her to be a help-mate to man, not a slave to him. And for the establishing of this truth, and demolishing of the false gods at whose feet woman is taught to bow, we shall devote our time and most assiduous labors.

We call upon all men and women who believe in the justice of our cause, to rally to our assistance in this the most gigantic and momentous work of the nineteenth century. Let us sound the tocsin of war, assemble the cohorts of the universal freedom and equality to all, without regard to sex!

We shall from time to time, and of the good sense of the American people, what we consider the Rights and Wrongs of woman. Feeling confident of the ultimate success of the cause we have espoused, we submit this the initial number of the WOMAN'S ADVOCATE.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S SERMONS.

We have made arrangements with J. B. Ford & Co., reporters and publishers of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons (revised by Mr. Beecher himself), for the privilege of publishing the choicest inspirational productions of that most progressive and highly developed man. Many of our readers will be delighted as well as surprised, when they come to read those sermons, to see the wonderful effect that Spiritualism has wrought, within the last twenty years, in changing the whole tenor of thought of the leading minds of the enlightened world. Indeed it is a fact, that Spiritualism has a literature which is being adopted as the highest standard of rational thought by the leading minds of the age. We feel confident that our readers will hail this new enterprise of ours with joy, and will make renewed and effectual efforts to widen the circulation of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, a paper that is now conceded to be unsurpassed by any newspaper published.

A. C. WOODRUFF AND WIFE.

The above named lecturers, recently from New York where they are both favorably known, are now in the West ready to receive calls to lecture upon the subject of Spiritualism.

They will visit country towns or cities as may be desired, relying upon the friends to make them a reasonable compensation for their services.

Mrs. Woodruff, formerly Eliza C. Clark, will be recognized, by many of our readers as one of our best inspirational speakers.

Address A. C. WOODRUFF, Battle Creek, Michigan.

DR. A. S. HAYWARD.

In another column will be found the advertisement of Dr. Hayward recently from Boston. He comes well recommended as a healing medium. Dr. Hayward is in the prime of life well developed physically and mentally. That he is a first class healing medium is well attested by past experience.

MRS. M. J. CROOKER.

In our columns will be found an advertisement of the above lady. We have long been personally acquainted with her and believe her to be one of the very best healing mediums in the country.

THE RADICAL.

The December Number of the above named valuable Magazine is upon our table, replete with valuable articles from the pens of some of our best American Writers.

Concha, Isabella's General, is said to have been one of her former lovers.

NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY.

G. P. Rowell & Co., the New York Advertising Agents, are about issuing a complete American Newspaper Directory. It is a compilation much needed, since nothing of the kind having any claims to completeness has ever been published.

Messrs. Rowell & Co. have spared no pains or expense to make the forthcoming work complete. We understand the book will be a handsome octavo volume of about 300 pages, bound in dark cloth, and sold for Five Dollars per copy.

As the publishers are Advertising Agents, their issuing a work containing so much information, usually jealously guarded by those in that business, shows that they are confident of their ability to be of service to advertisers, or they would not so readily place in their hands the means of enabling every one to communicate direct with publishers if they so desire.

THE CHICAGO SOROSIS.

The above is the name of the second Newspaper started and now published in this City as the organs of "Sorosis." This is the organ of "The Chicago Sorosis."

The new paper is very neatly executed (printed at this office) of a large size (sixteen pages) upon good paper (the same quality of the JOURNAL) and ably conducted.—Cynthia H. Leonard and Delia L. Waterman Editors.

Under the Head "Prospectus" it is said:

Our association, "The Chicago Sorosis," has never been more healthy. The meetings are gradually increasing in numbers and interest. Our work is broadening, deepening, and ways and means are developing by which we are enabled to aid and encourage woman. We have fine Library Rooms, and a goodly number of volumes, to which we are making additions through the generous kindness of friends.

The regular meetings of the Association are held at their Library Room every Wednesday at 2 o'clock, No. 27 Major Block, corner of La Salle and Madison streets.

HUMAN RIGHTS.

If all men had their rights instead of the "right to work for a bare pittance," grudgingly paid to them by their tyrannical and cunning employers, we should be a much happier people. If an extravagant and criminal outlay is made of the public money, the authors and abettors of such an act are simply government robbers; and the man who picks your pocket, or breaks open and robs your store, is far more to be respected than a dishonest and corrupt legislator—who, not content with a moderate and reasonable salary, steals enough from Government to make him independent of the laws made and provided to punish criminals.

THE BOOK TRADE.

We are now prepared to furnish not only the Reformatory books mentioned in our published Book-list, but all other standard and popular books of a miscellaneous character, including the latest publications from our most popular publishing houses.

On receipt of the price of the book and the regular postage (which is four cents for every four ounces and fractional part thereof for bound books, and two cents for every four ounces and fractional part thereof for pamphlets), we will forthwith forward the book or books by mail as per order.

INDUCEMENTS.

Old subscribers who are in arrears, are offered the following inducement to deal justly with us, and help themselves at the same time.

All those who pay up arrears, to the first of January 1869, and renew their subscriptions for that year, will receive the JOURNAL, from January 1st 1869, to January 1st 1870 for \$2.50.

We really hope, no one owing us will, for a single day after reading this notice, fail to make the necessary remittance to comply with the above terms.

NEW WORK.

HORACE GREELEY proposes to write, during the year 1869, an elementary work on "Political Economy," wherein the policy of Protection to Home Industry will be explained and vindicated. This work will first be given to the public through successive issues of The New York TRIBUNE, and will appear in all its editions—DAILY, \$10; SEMI-WEEKLY, \$4; WEEKLY, \$2 per annum.

Literary Notices.

HUMAN NATURE.

The December number of the above named valuable magazine, devoted to Zoistic Science, Phrenology, Psychology, Spiritualism, and popular Anthropology, is upon our table.

Two volumes of this *Monthly Journal* have already been published and we with pleasure acknowledge our unfeigned gratitude to the publisher for contributing so valuable a work to the liberal literature of the age.

Every number comes fraught with exceedingly interesting and well prepared articles from the pens of many of the best thinkers of England.

The following is the table of contents of this number:

The Prospects of Medical Science; The Science of Man, By Charles Bray; On Light and its Correlates; The Ideal Attained: being the Story of Two Steadfast Souls, and how they Won their Happiness and Lost it not.

Poetry; Reunion: Psychological Inquiries—Spiritualism and Science: Mr. Davis's "Arabula;" "Nature's Divine Revelations."

Psychological Phenomena—Home's Manifestations; Mesmerism a Spiritual Power; Haunted Houses; The Identity of Spirits.

Reviews. Health Topics; The Hygienic Society of Great Britain and Ireland; The New Earth Closets; Consumption of Tobacco.

American Experience; An extraordinary Worker: Reports of Progress.

Mrs. Mary Small, of Maine, has 119 great-grand children.

Personal and Local.

The great feature of the week, in Chicago, has been the reunion of the Grand Armies of the West; Tennessee, Cumberland, Ohio and Georgia. Gens. Grant, Sherman, Thomas and a host of other veterans were present, besides a large sprinkling of citizens. The gathering took place, we learn at the suggestion and instigation of Gen. W. T. Sherman, and was an occasion long to be remembered by those participating.

The Union Catholic Library Association Bazaar, are holding a fair at Library Hall, in this city.

"Warrington" has not a very exalted opinion of clerical legislators. He says, "I have seen many a time when I would swap a minister for a rascal, not only for one vote but for a whole session."

Amusements.

Theatrical rivalry is running high in St. Louis. Fred. Wilson, of the negro minstrels, advertises, as a special attraction, the present of \$100 in greenbacks, in two prizes, to his audiences each night.

Brougham's new theatre, in New York, is approaching completion. It will be open by the middle of December. There will be a great display of mirrors in the interior, and the seats are so arranged that the entire floor of the stage is visible from each.

At the first representation of the new ballet, called "King Candaules," at the great theatre in St. Petersburg, the danseuse, Mlle. Henrietta Dorr, whose benefit it was, received, in addition to other presents, a diadem of diamonds worth 7,000 roubles.

At the Cluny Theatre in Paris, they perform now, every night, a farce, the scene of which is laid in New York, and in which three strong-minded American women are the leading characters. They appear on the stage with enormous meerschaums, wear ten pound waterfalls, horseship a timid gentleman, swear dreadfully, relate to one another what they have seen at their various club-rooms, make impertinent remarks about the passers-by, and behave in a most wonderful manner. One of them says she was married and divorced seven times. The French writers seem to think that there are plenty of such characters in America, and that the portraits of the women are not exaggerated.

The Dramatic Season was fairly opened at the Opera House, on Monday the 14th inst., with "The Rightful Heir."

The Managers, C. D. Hess, & Co., are fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Owens; whose dramatic talent is well known and universally acknowledged. He is playing the character of "Butterfly," in Taylor's comedy of "The Victims;" which concludes with "Solon Shingle," in which he acquires himself to the great delight of his audience. What Booth is in Hamlet, or Mr. Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle, Mr. Owens is said to be in "Solon Shingle."

Mr. Leffingwell closes his engagement at Mc Vicker's Theatre, on Saturday the 19th inst., to give place to the charming Lotta, who is variously described as "dramatic cocktail," "Compressed Sweetness," etc., by her admirers, who appears on Monday, the 21st, in a new piece, entitled "The Fire Fly," or "The Friend of The Flag," on which occasion a variety of new appointments, scenery, etc., will be brought out.

Of the many sensation dramas which Mr. Aiken has introduced at Col. Wood's Museum, it is universally admitted that "After Dark" eclipses them all. This week has witnessed a full attendance each evening and at the Matinees, which must be a gratifying testimony to the manager of his judgement in making this selection. How long it will run we are not advised; but the public may rest assured that it will be replaced with something equally "takey."

The New Theatre, on Dearborn street, opened as announced, on Monday the 14th inst., to a packed house. Every seat being filled.

The work of construction has been rapid, and but three months elapsed after the foundation-stone was laid, ere the building was thrown open for the reception of the public. Although from the limited time allowed, a few of the minor details were yet incomplete, the Dearborn Theatre on this occasion presented an appearance creditable to the city, to the owner, and to the management. It is indeed a beautiful theatre, complete in its arrangements, elegant and chaste in design, and in architectural appointments much to be commended.

The theatre will afford seats for 1,200 persons, and all so arranged that but very few in the entire auditorium are to be found which do not command an unobstructed view of the stage.

The builder of the theatre is D. R. Brandt, Esq.; the architect, Thomas Tilley; the lessee, D. W. Higbee & Co.; the stage manager, Robert Jones. The stage was arranged and constructed under the immediate supervision of Wallace Hume, and the scenery is the work of Thomas C. Norton.

The building is well ventilated, and also is well warmed from furnaces in the basement. The arrangement of the stage and its machinery combines the latest improvements, and several new and valuable inventions, which are the designs of the stage-builder, and which will enable the company to present spectacular features with increased facility over the old time method of stage shifting and transformations.

NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY.

In another column will be found an advertisement of a General Newspaper Directory, now in press, by Geo. P. Rowell and Co.

This will be a valuable work. For particulars see advertisement.

Several arrests have been made of persons for attempting to incite the working classes to rebel against the existing government in Spain.

LATEST NEWS.

The suffrage question bids fair to claim that attention in Congress, during its present session, that its importance demands. Four constitutional amendments were introduced in the House on the 14th inst., relating to this question; and were referred to the judiciary committee, which is indisposed to touch the question at present.

It is alleged that there has been an appropriation bribery concerning the Territory of Alaska. The house committee are engaged in an investigation.

The Government Department estimates for the next fiscal year, are estimated at \$900,000, 000.

Senator Morton has introduced a bill prohibiting the sale of gold by the National Treasury. On the 16th., he delivered a speech in favor of this measure, which elicited marked attention.

FOREIGN.

The situation in Spain is critical, and the prospects for a bloody revolution are gaining. Foreigners have left Cadix.

Gen. Roda had issued a proclamation, but notwithstanding this the bitterness between the Republicans and Monarchists was increasing.

There is a cloud speck of war, over what is familiarly known as the "Eastern Question." The Sublime Porte had issued his Ultimatum, making certain requirements of the government at Athens, to be complied with in five days. But the European powers all recommend moderation, and it is hoped that their council and influence will prevent hostilities.

Our very latest advices are, that Greece has rejected the Sultan's ultimatum, and that hostilities had actually commenced.

LIFE'S UNFOLDINGS.

OR THE

WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE REVEALED TO MAN.

Is the title of a new work fresh from press.

By the Guardian Spirit of David Corless.

S. S. JONES,

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION PRINTERS.

The Medium, in his address to the public says: The Medium (David Corless, of Huntley's Grove, McHenry Co., Ill.) through whom this work was given, has been a careful observer of the phenomena of "Modern Spiritualism" for over twenty years and during that time he has been the humble Medium through which hundreds of philosophical and scientific lectures have been given to attentive listeners. Of himself, he can only say he is an uneducated farmer, far advanced in years. He asks for this pamphlet a careful and attentive perusal.

The Introduction entitled "The Unfolding" treats of man as the grand objective ultimate of Life's Unfoldings:

In all the conditions of Life's unfoldings there is a principle which rules all things for an eternal ultimate good. All orders are in the unfolding of elements of mind. All mind is the element of life to such an extent as that it can comprehend the life of all things. It will be perceived that Man is a mystery in all his organism. He is organized from the refined elements of all life; and the laws of his being to such an extent that he is the grand ultimate of all life's unfoldings.

He also stands at the pinnacle of all organized Life in the native purity of all things.

The next sub-head treats of "gravitation, organization &c., the author says:

We now come to the unfolding of Life; and would have it understood that Man is the greatest manifestation of all Life's unfoldings. All the rest are of minor importance when taken in comparison with the unfolding of Man's organization, and all things pertaining thereto.

On page twenty-four the author treats of "the way mediums paint likenesses, in the true order of the development of the arts and sciences.

In part second, under the general head of mysteries Revealed, the author treats of "How Mankind Manifest their presence through Physical Bodies of Mediums. How the writing is done. How we influence a Mediums to speak. The fullness of all kinds of language investigated. The ring feat and the carrying of Musical Instruments around the room explained."

"Man as a component of all elements demonstrated. The Life element discussed. The beautiful laws of equanimity unfolded. What Soul is. The Unfoldings of Light and Life investigated. Do we ever see a Spirit. A Guide to the Interior Life or the Souls Lifeanimating Principle?"

This work is neatly got up and consists of seventy-three closely printed pages and we hesitate not to say that it contains more original thought upon important subjects, a few only of which we have enumerated, than any other work of equal size we have seen.

Mr. Corless is just what he says he is upon the title page of his book. We have known him for nearly twenty years; and he is the last man that we should have believed could indite a book teeming with such sound philosophy and upon such obscure subjects.

Of himself he could not do it. When inspired by the angels he is to all appearances another man. The work will be sent by mail from this office to any one on receipt of fifty cents.

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OR
PLAYING SOLDIER.

BY MRS. H. N. GREEN.

Author of "Lidas Tales of Rural Home," including "Helen or the Power of Love," "The Strawberry Girl," "Ralph, or I wish I wasn't Black," "Rhymes for Little Folks," "The Flower Girl," "The Orphan's Struggle," etc., etc.

ALSO

THE LITTLE FLOWER GIRL.

AND
THE ORPHAN'S STRUGGLE.

By the Same Author.

S. S. JONES, Publisher,

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL OFFICE

84 Dearborn St.

Chicago Ill.

The above named little works of about thirty pages each are fresh from the press and belong to a series designed especially for children, youth and Children's Progressive Lyceum Libraries.

Mrs. H. N. Green is one of the most popular writers of the present age and especially adapted to the writing of popular liberal books for Children.

All the works she has heretofore written have been well received by the public. They possess a high moral tone and at the same time are deeply interesting to every reader, especially children, and the youth.

Being childlike in her nature she readily enters upon that plane of life and distributes to the young mental food which is received into and treasured up by their very souls; producing the most happy results, in leading minds to a due appreciation of great and ever living truths for practical use in more mature age.

This series of Books which we have entered upon publishing are designed for the youth everywhere, but of course their tone and philosophy will comprise their sale principally to the families of Spiritualists, Liberalists and the Children's Progressive Lyceums.

They are aptly embellished and every way attractive and will be sent by mail on receipt of twenty five cents per copy.

A reasonable discount to the trade.

Address

J. C. BUNDY,

84 Dearborn Street

Chicago, Ill.

Dedication Meeting.

There will be a meeting in Hillsdale, Michigan, for the purpose of dedicating the new Hall. To commence Friday December 26th, and continue over Sunday. Mr. A. B. French, of Ohio, Mrs. S. A. Horton, Col. D. M. Fox and others are expected. On Saturday evening there will be a supper, with toasts, sociable, and a good time generally. We hope as many of the friends as can will be present. Arrangements will be made to entertain those from abroad.

Per order of Committee, EARON WINSTON, Pres't.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Panorama of Wonders.

Read in another column, "A Panorama of Wonders by the great Spiritualist, Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders."

For sale at this office, Address J. C. BUNDY, 84 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Dr. Clarke's Remedies.

Dr. S. S. Jones—I see you are advertising the medicines of Dr. Clarke, who controlling prescribes for the sick through the organism of Jeanie Waterman Danforth. Permit me to tell you, with deep feeling, friend Jones, that I have used these remedies, the Symples, Nervines and Powders, with the highest satisfaction. I know them to be excellent, as hundreds of others will testify. Dr. Clarke is a noble and brilliant spirit.

Most truly thine,

J. M. PEBBLES.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov., 1868.

Taylor's Patent Bed Springs.

In another column will be found the advertisement of the above named bed springs.

We can speak from observation; and declare them to be a superior article—very cheap and free from many of the objectionable features of most "bed springs."

Scarcely a family will do without them when once acquainted with the luxury of a nice spring bed to rest weary limbs upon.

Canvassers for these springs will find it a fine paying business. Their whole weight is only twenty-five pounds, and they can be packed into a small bundle to be carried under the arm, and are easily put upon the bedstead by any one.

Send to J. C. Taylor, Ann Arbor, Mich. For a circular and cut.

Obituary.

Passed to the higher and better life, from Connect, Ohio, on the 6th of November, 1868, Mrs. Anna, consort of Asa W. W. Hickox, aged seventy-three years and six months.

The deceased for about nine months experienced very painful suffering, which she endured with Christian fortitude and calm and humble resignation to the will of her Divine Father; and from the time of her prostration expressed an ardent desire to go home to her Heavenly Father's mansion; and was reunited with the dear kindred and friends who had preceded her to that celestial abode; and very often was that desire repeated, which we trust her happy and emancipated spirit is now joyfully realizing.

Mrs. Hickox, for nearly forty years, was a consistent member of a Calvinistic Baptist Church, which relation she sustained at the time of her departure; but about eighteen years since she became fully convinced of the reality of spirit communion, which cheered and animated her mind many scenes of trial and affliction and especially as her happy spirit neared the immortal shores.

"Oh I see the shining angels
Gather round my dying bed,
With their harps and crowns of glory,
Thus a faithful mother said,
While celestial songs were ringing
Through the heavenly courts above,
Seraphs came from glory bringing
Blessed words of peace and love."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Persons sending advertisements to this paper, soliciting public patronage as mediums, who are not already well known, are requested to enclose unquestionable references as to their genuine mediumistic powers.

The advertising fee must accompany the order to ensure its insertion. See terms on 4th page.

MRS. E. A. CLAFLIN, Test Medium and Clairvoyant, answers sealed letters, gives clairvoyant delineations of character, and discovers absent friends and lost or stolen property.

Consultation fee, \$1.00. Address MRS. E. A. CLAFLIN, Chicago, No. 13, Vol. 5, 11.

A. S. HAYWARD OF BOSTON HAS TAKEN ROOMS at 178 West Washington Street, in this city, where he will use his powerful spirit-magnetic gift to eradicate all forms of acute and chronic disease.

Consultation free. Vol. 5, No. 14, 11.

P. S. LEE, WRITING, BUSINESS, AND test medium. Answers sealed letters, gives business advice, discovers lost and stolen property, and gives clairvoyant delineations of character. No explanations required. Consultation fee, \$1.00. Address enclosing stamp—P. S. Lee, Aurora, Illinois. No. 14 Vol. 5, 11.

Geo. P. Rowell & Co's

AMERICAN

Newspaper Directory.

Containing accurate lists of all the newspapers and periodicals published in the United States and Territories, and the Dominion of Canada, and British Colonies of North America; together with a description of the towns and cities in which they are published.

A handsome octavo volume of three hundred pages bound in cloth. Price \$5.

A work of great value to Advertisers, Publishers and others, who desire information in relation to the newspapers and periodicals of North America.

The edition will be limited, and persons desiring copies will do well to send their orders immediately to Geo. P. Rowell and Co., Publishers and Advertising Agents, 40 Park Row New York.

vol. 5 No. 14, 11

MRS. M. J. CROOKER, CLAIRVOYANT, Physician, St. Charles, Kane Co., Illinois, formerly of Chicago, cures all diseases that man is heir to. She allows no such word as fall where there is life enough left to build upon.

TERMS.

Examination, \$1. Prescription and diagnosis, \$3. Satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. Refer to S. S. Jones, editor of this paper, Chicago, or Lyman C. Howe, trance speaker, Laona, Chas. Co. N. Y. No. 11, vol. 6, 11.

A PHYSICIAN WHO WILL TELL YOUR DISEASE—ASKING NO QUESTIONS; FREE OF CHARGE.

Dr. GREER Spiritual Physician, sees instantly the condition of all who approach him. He will tell at a glance how you feel and what your disease is, without your information or any inquiry. He will also tell what will cure, or relieve you! Consultation always free.

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Price \$1.50, Sent Free of Postage. Address

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FOR SALE

The Great Spirit picture by W. P. Anderson, called the "The Maiden in the Spirit Land" with copyright, is now for sale. It has a world wide reputation and is called the best thing of the kind in existence. It can be seen at room 21 No. 132 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

No. 9 Vol. 5, 2t

DR. RANDOLPH'S BOOKS. Dr. Randolph's celebrated book called DISEASES OF THE MIND, and his GUIDE TO CLAIRVOYANCE, and the CLAIRVOYANT'S GUIDE, may be had while he is in the West by addressing James W. Steward, cor. Taylor and Mayne Sts., Rochester New York.

Price \$1. Postage 8 cents. Both works are extremely valuable, and both are nearly out of print.

MATHILDA A. McCOOD, 513 CHESTNUT STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO., keeps on hand a full assortment of Spiritual and Liberal Books, Pamphlets and Periodicals. Also a supply of Stationery, etc. The patronage of the friends and the public generally is respectfully solicited.

no. 19, 6w.

M. PETER WEST, THE SEER, CONTINUES TO GIVE SPIRIT TESTS. He sees and describes spirits, gives direction in business, conducts clairvoyance, makes clairvoyant examinations, looks up absent friends, and is a trance and inspirational speaker. Will answer calls to lecture and give tests.

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MRS. ANNA JAMES WILL GIVE PSYCHOMETRICAL delineations, directions regarding the cultivation and use of spiritual gifts, with counsel from guardian spirits upon all the affairs of life, and examine and prescribe for disease, either by letter or lock of hair. For advice and delineation, \$2.00. For examination and prescription, \$3.00.

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

At greatly reduced rates.

We are now prepared to furnish our friends with almost any style of POPULAR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS direct, from the Manufacturers, and PRINTER MUSIC, now in use from publishers and deliver the same at the nearest express office to the purchasers residence FREE OF EXPRESS CHARGES and if by mail, FREE OF POSTAGE, AND ALLOWANCE RATES than can be purchased of the regular dealers.

We have a competent judge of Musical Instruments, to select the very best, of the kind ordered.

EVERY MUSICAL INSTRUMENT which we sell is warranted to be perfect of its kind.

We shall from time to time give particular descriptive advertisements in this column and elsewhere in the JOURNAL, of popular Pianos, Melodeons and other Musical Instruments which we can furnish to order.

Now is the time

for our friends throughout the

NORTH WEST

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FIRST CLASS

Popular Books or Pieces of

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to obtain the same free of express charges or postage, and at the same time

Aid us in our Work.

We will at all times guarantee

Entire Satisfaction

to all who will grant their patronage.

The following are the regular dealers retail price list everywhere but we will not only furnish and deliver them at the nearest railroad depot to the purchaser's residence free transportation charges but on Pianos, Organs, and Melodeons we will give a bonus in any of the books contained in our book list, to an extent to make a great inducement to buy all such instruments through our agency.

Let no one who feels at all anxious to get a good instrument on the very best terms, and at the same time feel willing to aid our enterprise by without first trying us. Letters upon the subject will be promptly answered.

NEW YORK UNION PIANO

COMPANY.

Price List.

No. 1-7 Octave, front round corners, plain case, octagon legs, \$500

" 2-7 " front round corners, serpentine mouldings, 525

" 3-7 " front round corners, serpentine moulding carved legs, 550

LARGE CONCERT SCALE.

" 4-7 " Four round corners, plain legs, 575

" 5-7 " Four round corners serpentine carved legs, 600

" 6-7 " Four round corners extra finish carved legs, 650

CONCERT SCALE.

NEWTON & CO'S PIANO

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Price List.

No. 1-7 Octave front round corners plain case Octagon legs, \$450

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" 3-7 " Front round corners serpentine and top moulding, carved legs, 500

CONCERT SCALE.

" 4-7 " Four round corners, serpentine moulding and carved legs, 575

" 5-7 " Front round corners 3 rows of mouldings carved legs, extra finish, 650

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PIANOS,

Price List.

8711. Full Grand Piano, Concert Size, Overstrung Scale, with extra Mouldings and Carvings on Case, \$1600

17 " Full Grand Piano, Concert Size, Overstrung Scale, Carved Legs and Lyre, extra Square Piano Four Round Corners, 1500

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17 " Full Grand Piano, Overstrung Scale, Carved Legs and Lyre 1200

17 " Square Piano, Four Round Corners, back finished like front, with extra fine Carvings on Case according to style of Case, 1050

27 " Square Piano, Four Round Corners, back finished like front, with Serpentine Bottom Rich Carved Legs and Lyre, and extra carving on Case like drawing, 1000

37 1/2 " Square Piano Four Round Corners, back finished like front, with three rows moulding on Case, Serpentine Bottom, Rich Carved Legs and Lyre, 900

37 " Square Piano, Four Round Corners, back finished like front with three rows moulding on Case, Serpentine bottom Rich carved Legs and Lyre, 850

7 " Square Piano Four Round Corners, back finished like front with two rows moulding on Case Gothic Legs and Carved Lyre, 725

47 " Square Piano, Four Round Corners, back finished like front, with one row moulding on Case Gothic Legs and Carved Lyre, 700

67 " Square Piano Four Round Corners back finished like front with one row moulding on Case Gothic Legs and Carved Lyre, 650

67 1/2 " Square Piano, Large Round Corners, front with one row moulding on Case, Carved Legs and Carved Lyre, 600

7 " Square Piano, Cabinet Size, Four Round Corners back finished like front one row moulding on Case with Carved Legs and Carved Lyre, 600

7 " Boudoir Upright Piano Grand Overstrung Scale according to style of Case \$800

ALL OUR LARGE 7 OCTAVE PIANOS ARE CONSTRUCTED AFTER OUR NEW IMPROVED OVERSTRUNG GRAND SQUARE SCALE WITH ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

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PIANOS.

Descriptive Price List.

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Communications from the Inner Life.

"He shall give His angels charge concerning thee."

All communications under this head are given through a well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to—the spirit world.

INVOCATION.

Unto Thee, Parent of all past, present and future time—the all-prevailing, ever-mindful and never-ceasing power—actuating every thought and motion—developing and unfolding in wisdom and truth every immortal soul. We realize in part Thy power, and feel that everything is in accordance with Thy will. We believe that we as children of Infinite parents possess that which is in accordance with the design of Infinite wisdom.

With all seeming imperfections and discordant natures—with all the cares and trials which at times seem to us almost unbearable, and with the contentions and discordant feelings manifested one towards another—war, with its devastations and horrors—all, yes all these, are Thy works, oh, Infinite Parent of Light.

Yet above all these we find and realize the beauties with which Thou hast surrounded us—the flowers, the birds, the glorious sunshine—the happy smiles of true friendship—these are greater and far more powerful; and when we are guided by the wisdom of our divinely loving parents, have power to expel all darkness and gloom from the soul.

May we all realize that we are the children of Thee, oh, our loving parent, and may we love one another, and ever have inscribed upon our banners, and live up to the motto, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

HENRY L. SCOTT.

Before I died I found it quite natural for me to reason. Every new truth, every great accomplishment—no matter in what form—has been dreamed by the theological world, and charged with having its origin with—you all know—who I mean—the devil.

I want you to think of this—you now enjoy the benefit of those truths. You would be very miserable without them, so would the members of your own family around you be miserable, deprived of the benefits of those mighty truths—yes, you would be wretched if those truths, which had their supposed origin with his Satanic majesty, were taken from you.

The spiritual and the material are so closely connected that the inhabitants of both can hold communion with one another, thereby removing all the horrors of death, and making individuals upon both planes much happier. Take that truth from you, and you would be a wretched man. I do not want to force you out of your way, or have you believe anything ridiculous or absurd of itself. That you may not be in the dark, shut out in the cold, I would have you enjoy communion with your friends departed—to seek communion with them.

It is not so much because people have been prejudiced and bigoted, that the persons on the spirit plane manifested in its nature—more ethereal. And inasmuch as the material world, in which you now exist, has reached a high plane of refinement, individuals upon the spirit plane can manifest themselves to you. That is my course of reasoning.

You would like to have me go on and explain how it is that I can talk and manifest myself through the organism of another. I am not going to explain it now—that is all the reason I give. It is not because I cannot do it, but because I do not feel to do it.

I am not going to try to move you out of your way, but simply to tell you what is for your good. Use a little reason, and if by that course you are called fanatical or insane, remember that the calling is not always the truth. Calling a person insane, does not make him so.

I want you to think a little—reason a little. It has been no trouble for me to say what I have. Have not put myself out in the least.

I have visited these persons here gathered together, who have been kind enough to give me their attention; and this gentleman [alluding to the reporter] has also been kind enough to give you a fair and correct report of what I have said. It costs you nothing—only your time to read—and it is well that you should read a little to agitate thought.

I am obliged, to these friends, very much obliged, and hope that you will feel it a duty, and also a pleasure, to let them know that you received this message, and recognized your brother, Henry L. Scott.

GEORGE DOLE.

I came here for the purpose of giving a word or two to my mother and my wife, with your permission.

I will endeavor to give these few words just as briefly as possible. Whatever mistakes I make, dear mother and beloved wife, you must attribute to the means through which I manifest myself, and not to me as an individualized being.

You often desired, prayed and implored God, the giver of all goodness, to permit me to speak to you, if it was possible for any person to speak.

I am not going to blame you in the least for anything you have done, or for anything you have said, but I do want you, when you read this, to let your reason act a little. Now this may not be exactly like me. I may do better some time. I do the best I can now. I want to tell you how very strange, and unlike anything that I had expected to see, was everything here. Everything and every person was lost to me. For several days I was lost to myself, if not to God. Those days, were the ones that you suffered the most. It was when you laid away my body, took the last look, and you expected that you

had heard the last word from me until you would meet me in heaven.

There are a good many things about business affairs that I would like to tell you of, but I know full well that you could not receive advice in regard to business, because you think I am beyond such things—should not interest myself in them. If I am beyond business relations, I am not beyond the ties that bind kindred and loving souls together. If I am not beyond such ties, I am not beyond that which interests you. There are two different views to take of this—two different constructions. You look well upon the one side; now I want you to look at the other.

Five years and four months since I died—died to you in form, but not in feeling. It is a little over two years since you prayed so earnestly to hear from me. Now, you think, it has been so long since, that it is no use for you to look. But I want you to remember this: all your prayers are not answered within a day or a week, a month or a year, and it is but two years now. It will not be two years longer before there will be several that are near and dear to you—to mother, as near as myself, to my wife, not so near. They will come here, and your attention will be drawn to this plane of life and this mode of conversing or talking.

I do not tell you this to make you trouble; but I want you to know that I can see it and know it, and I want you to be prepared for it. I want you to reason upon this. You will not feel as badly when they come as you did when I came. Be happy, be cheerful, and trust in the Father that cares well for all of His children. Have confidence in Him for the future. Believe in all that is good. Seek every opportunity to converse with me, and I will do the same to converse with you, and when I come again I will tell you in regard to those business matters of which I have told you here.

It is a pleasure for me to talk here, but it is not so easy.

I am still, in spite of all the changes through which you have passed, and through which I have passed, your dutiful son and loving husband, George Dole. [To the reporter.] Remember the name, for if there is one mistake, even in that one thing, [speaking the name], it would cause them to waver in their minds about the whole. The other night, in your prayer, you said, "My son, when you do come, give me your name. Give it to me in full, and tell me why it was that I called you George." It was for your brother who was lost at sea, that you named me George. [To the reporter.] I thank you, sir, for your kindness to me. [You are welcome.]

SAM TERRY.

That man that was just here tells about "trust in God." If God does all things, He does them well. But I do not believe that He does all things. A man is put into the world without his consent, and taken out against his wishes—before he has lived half his days out, and I am not satisfied—I mean with the way I was taken out of the world. I do not believe God did it. I believe He is just—do not believe that He does everything; that's the things that I want to tell you, but I cannot, because it is not worth while. I did not promise certain and sure. I told you if God would give me the power—and I now want to keep my promise. Rough as I was, hard as I was, I helped people in need.

There are so many confounded laws that I do not know as we can believe in anything. By thunder, I do not believe they can believe their own senses. I will tell you why, because the devil of it is they say motion is quicker than sight, and that you can be deceived when you see, and yet sight is the best sense you have got. It is a grand discomfuted mess.

Well, now, if I talked like an angel here you would say there was some mistake about it. After a body is dead he is just the same.

There is Bronson—Bronson—yes, that is it—he was—well—just as good a Christian as they had, and, by George, he is just the same as he was—no more angel than I am. So you see that Christ-like views, and Christ-like life, do not make you an angel after you get here. I don't believe, if God is what He is represented to be, that He puts people into the world and jerks them out again—gets them into the world, and jumps them out again—just for a pastime. But it is not so—no wisdom in it. It is no use for me to try to get sympathy by palavering to my folks to make them believe that I am better than I am. I am myself, and would not be anybody else anyhow, for I tell you, the long and the short of it is, I have never seen anybody but what had failings.

You wanted me to tell you how things are, etc., etc. I find things just exactly as nice as before I left you. A good many persons here have told me that this world is just what you make it. Now, that is a lie, for the world is already made, by thunder!

I am not altogether suited. I cannot be suited. I have watched round here, I know—and everybody—well, a good share, are afraid of saying anything that will not come up to their ideas of heaven. What is the use of telling a fine story when it is no such a thing? There are folks dying every day—coming here every day. Some are Christians, you thought, and some that you thought were the worst come right along here, and, for my part, I do not see any great difference between them and the Christians.

If I had the management of things, I would let everybody tell where they belonged, have them know all that was for them to know.

[To the audience.] You can all take it as cool as you have a mind to, but you will find it so when you get here. [Were you always a little restless?] I don't know what you mean by restless. [Why, moving about uneasily.] No, I am not restless. It was the devilish doctors. If I had been let alone I would have come out all right. I would have got through all the sickness, but there was so much confounded, ridiculous stuff, so I took it and took it. I am

just what I am anyhow. I don't know whether God made me, or the devil made me, or who made me, but I will always be just what I am. [Apparently conversing with another spirit.] Don't you worry. I will go when I am ready. [Who is it you are conversing with?] Well, some folks same as I am, trying to come. But I have got possession, and mean to keep it. [Possession is supposed to be a strong point in law.] Well, I am going to keep possession until I get ready to go away.

I do not care about giving you any advice. I know what you would say, that I was not in a condition to give you any, but I can give you advice in one or two things. Unless you want to die when you get sick, don't have anything to do with the doctors. If you do not want to get fooled when you get here, you need not expect to see a nice place. You will get all mightily fooled if you do. Two things I know. I have not learned them from any book—I know them myself. [Apparently addressing a spirit.] [Don't worry. I expect that when I go there will be a chance for you.

If everybody would tell just what they know, and let the devilish doctors go—if that had been done, I would have been with you now. The doctors don't know anything about you when you are sick—just a mere grab catch affair. They make believe they know all about you, for the sake of getting some money. I am not satisfied.

Uncle Hult can smooth things over, and make them just as nice as he has a mind to, by thunder! It is just like a plaster—on one side it is all smooth and nice, but go round on the other side, and it is all rough as the devil. [To the reporter.] You may just say, sir, that Sam Terry is not going to send any love, or anything else. Do not know as I shall try to be contented until things turn up right.

[To reporter.] I am pretty well obliged to you for what you have done, sir. [Would you not be happier to look upon the bright side?] What the devil is the use when the back side of the plastering is rough as the devil? [You need not look on the rough side.] Oh, yes, that is the way with the doctors and the rest of you. [To the reporter.] Good day. [Good day.] He said good day very nicely, by thunder!—g-o-o-d d-a-y!

Our Children.

"A child is born; now take the germ and make it a bud of moral beauty. Let the dew of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it in richest fragrance and in purest hues; For soon the gathering hand of death will break it From its weak stem of life, and it shall lose All power to charm; but if that lovely flower Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain, O who shall say that it has lived in vain?"

THE CHICKEN'S MISTAKE.

A LITTLE downy chicken, one day Asked leave to go on the water, Where she saw a duck with her brood at play, Swimming and splashing about her. "When her mother would let her: 'If the ducks can swim, why can't I?' Are they any bigger or better?" Then the old hen answered: "Listen to me! And hush your foolish talking! Just look at your feet, and you will see They were only made for walking!" But chickie wistfully eyed the brook, And didn't half believe her; For she seemed to say, by a knowing look: "Such stories couldn't deceive her." And, as her mother was scratching the ground, She muttered lower and lower: "I know I can go there and not be drowned, And so I think I'll show her." Then she made a plunge where the stream was deep, But saw to late her blunder; For she had hardly time to peep Ere her foolish head went under. And now I hope her fate will show The mystery reading That those who are older sometimes know What you will do well in heading. That each content in his place should dwell, And envy not his brother; And any part is acted well Is just as good as another. For we all have our proper sphere below, And this is a truth worth knowing: You will come to grief if you try to go Where you never was made for going.

A TALK WITH THE CHILDREN ABOUT GOD.
Read Before the Children's Progressive Lyceum, October, 1868.
BY A LADY OF CHICAGO.
[Concluded from last week.]

But truly wise men and women, and many little children, are like our little boy; and are not afraid of the thunder and lightning, and rain, but it makes them think about God; and when the thunder storm is past, and they breath easier, and the air is sweet and invigorating and the leaves on the trees are all clean and glistening in the sun, and the flowers lift up their little heads again, and all nature is made better by it; then they think that God is in the thunder storm, as well as in sunshine; and that it may be so in every thing else, that appears to him to be against them.

And now I hear the little ones asking, How could God get wet? And to answer this question, "What is God? Almost every one who thinks at all, thinks that God is a spirit, but the puzzle is to know what spirit is, and I will try to explain to you what I know about it.

I told you that God is in every thing. He is in little animalcules that live in a drop of water; and to them this tiny drop of water is a world, and a teacupful is a Universe; and they are so small that they are measured by thousandths of inches, and can only be seen with the aid of a microscope; and then He is in the biggest tree that grows in the forest, or in the largest animal that roams o'er the desert; and He is also in the little seed you may plant in the ground.

He is in every thing, however large or small.

Now I think I hear you ask, How do you know

this? If you will come with me (in imagination) you can know as much about it, as I do.

It is a warm spring morning, and the ground in the garden has been all dug up, and turned over, and then made into nice beds, so that the little seeds can be put to bed and covered up from the broad sunlight, all in the dark and left there to germinate.

We will have some little flower seeds, and put them into their tiny nests, and be very careful not to smother them with too many bed clothes; for we do not want them to stay down there always.

Now they are all tucked up nicely, and left there for a time to germinate, but as we wish to see how this is done, we will prematurely examine some of them, that is uncover them before they are ready to get up themselves.

Why! How is this? Here is the old seed, but something is coming out of it; it looks like a little piece of thread; now where did this come from? We cannot see that the ground has been disturbed, or the seed cut open to put it into it, but on the contrary this little germ, as it is called, has opened the old seed and crept out of it, all of itself; for there does not appear to be any way, that it could have been put there by any one else. How then could it get there? and only think how strong that little seed was, it was like a giant's castle, compared with this very tender little germ; and yet look, why this little weak thing has rent it entirely open? Here is another germ which is a little more developed, and it is getting to be quite independent of its old house, and only clings to it a very little, and seems quite ready to leave it altogether.

Now let us try as we will to solve this mystery let us hunt all around among these dark brown particles of dirt, or let us follow these rays of light which has penetrated into their little nests, and warmed them into life; or study all the elements that make up these little plants which are so silently and stealthily waking up in these little seeds, and we shall find that each of these elements, even the dirt beds are alive in the same way that these little seeds are; and though we can pronounce all the hard botanical names given to each part of this little plant, and tell all the scientific names of the various elements at work upon it, such as air, light, heat, &c., yet we have not found out the secret of its being. And this life principle is what we call God!

But perhaps this life principle after all, is nothing but chance, and some men and women who think themselves very learned, think so. But we will study the beautiful illustrated book of nature, and see if we can find out; and now let us see about this little germ, and ascertain whether it only just happened to grow out of this little seed; perhaps the next seed will grow into something else; it may be some uncouth looking thing, and turn its stem downwards into the earth and blossom, or try to down there in the dark.

Let us examine them more closely! ah! here is a germ, that has grown up almost to the open sunlight; it has made a little crack in the ground and we can just see a little blade of green, why let us see what it is, and so is another and another and still another, and so are all these germs we have examined; they are all beautiful and symmetrical, and are growing up to become, some kind of plant, with little veins running through their leaves; and beautiful cups, fringed with leaves of lovely colors, forming such a sweet picture, and every part is very perfect. This does not look like chance, or it happened so, there is intelligence here; no man could do all these so perfectly.

He can it is true make the beds, and surround the seed with the elements necessary to its germination, but the intelligent life principle which makes it grow into a particular kind of plant he cannot place there.

And yet though you cannot see it with your eyes, or handle it with your little hands, or taste it or smell or even hear it, though your bodily powers may be all awake and trying to, yet you may know, that it is a real power, an intelligent principle, and for want of a better way to express the idea we call it God.

You see now that all we can know of God, is what we may learn through the various manifestations of intelligence in the works of nature around us, and within ourselves.

It has been truly said that God is all in all and in all. That is, that in all the Universe, we know of no place or condition or thing, but is full of intelligence, and seems to be intelligent in and of itself like the seeds in your garden, and though all material forms seem to die or lose their present appearance of beauty; yet they are never lost but are reformed into something else. So that matter and spirit, are ever united, and are continually acting and reacting together, so that they are eternally one. This unity you can see in your own organization. Your mind manifests itself through your bodily powers. You cannot speak your thoughts, except you use your tongue, and yet your tongue does not think. It is just so with your eyes or ears or hands or feet. The intelligence within you moves all these just as it chooses to: so when you would look in any particular direction, your mind or intelligence uses the eye for that purpose. Some minds wanted to see further than the unassisted eye could penetrate, and so they contrived the telescope to help the vision, and then they could see an immense distance, and in this manner they learned very much about the planets and other heavenly bodies, that were not known before. But you can see that this wonderful intelligence still had to use material forms to investigate these things with. It analyzes minute objects, to see what might be in a drop of water, and what made the difference between different liquids, &c. &c. and so this intelligence conceived the idea of the microscope, but it was obliged to use the physical powers to make it, and so it is with every thing we can conceive of. God and nature, or Spirit and matter are wedded. God or intelligence being the spirit or mind of the Universe, and matter the body.

It is very interesting and beautiful to observe

how these two principles work together and form the smallest atom, to the Sun shining in its noon tide splendor. Every form of life is seemingly individualized, and seeks its own nourishment. As potatoes planted in a dark cellar will throw out their long pale tops like a vine, and go in search of a ray of light. It will move steadily forward, toward one single spot of sunshine, until it, will put out its sickly leaves and grow stronger.

We are told that large herds of buffaloes, and wild horses, will travel hundreds of miles to obtain salt, and indeed there is not any form of life, but does the same thing, seeks a supply for its natural wants.

Now my dear children, if all these forms of beauty that we see around us, and our own forms also are parts of God's body. Was not the little boy right, when he thought that God got wet during that severe storm? All the big trees with their velvet leaves, and all the fragrant and beautiful flowers, and even the little boys who were out in that shower, were patted with its descending drops, so that every thing in that part of the country that was out of doors, had a refreshing shower bath, to make it clear and bright, to invigorate, and beautify it, and when the splendid rain-bow spanned the heavens, and threatening clouds became one mass of purple and golden tinted vapor, and the setting sun shone in resplendent glory over all the landscape, as it descended in the western horizon; it seemed to me, that God had clothed himself, with regal garments, and had bedecked his glorious body with brilliant diamonds of celestial glory; that we might learn to trust in him, as a mighty Potentate whose Omnipotent Power would shield us from all harm, and whose loving kindness and tender mercies are over all his works.

Address.

To Spiritualists, Progressive Thinkers, and Those Outside of the Orthodox Churches Greeting.

DEAR FRIENDS:—We take the liberty of addressing you in the language of earnestness and sincerity to engage with your whole souls in a work that we believe, is for the interests of humanity, both in this and the succeeding cycles of eternity; and we say,

First. That we have no quarrels with orthodoxy, or any sectarian creeds in the war-spirits of destructiveness, and force or unkindness. Orthodoxy, has, and is, fulfilling its mission, as all other sectarian creeds and professions, in the grand march of progression and unfoldment of humanity. We bid them God speed in all good works, and that they have much that is good we are not only free to confess, but acknowledge the same gratefully and hopefully.

We introduce our own theory, not as an antagonist, but as a competitor, to outdistance Orthodoxy and creeds and professions, by its higher and illimitable illumination, and by its claim to outwork the essence of good or God within each individual of all humanity into harmonious and happy accord with the Divine Mind or God-spirit that controls and pervades all things in the Infinite Universe.

Orthodoxy bids its adherents to take the Bible as the summum bonum—the ultimate of good to each and all human souls, and without its acceptance as prescribed by its various rules of faith and practice, the soul must suffer inconceivable and indescribable torments in an illimitable and infinite Hell.

It preaches Christ and him crucified, without which the whole human race, from the transgression of Adam in the garden by eating the forbidden fruit, would be irrevocably damned to torments of an endless Hell, and that too by the Infinite Creator and God.

It teaches that countless millions that have and will pass through the apotheosis called death, are, and will be in that never ending Hell of torment, because they have not and will not accept the saving grace of the Bible Gospels.

But, notwithstanding these terrible preachings, and teachings, and awful characteristics given to the Divine Mind or God-spirit of the Universe, the inner spirit of goodness or God in the human soul wells up, so to speak, and we find those of the orthodox creeds, with those of no creeds, engaging in works of mercy, and love, and humanity. The eleemosynary institutions, homes for orphans, and asylums for the unfortunate and afflicted of humanity, save for the unfortunate classes called criminals—so from prenatal, and surrounding conditions and circumstances, who are yet outside this humanitarian impulse, are proud monuments of the uprising and outgushing of the essence of goodness or God in the human soul, and clogged as it may be by orthodoxy or creeds, will outwork to the glory of God and the credit of humanity. Orthodoxy claims to be the principal patron of these humanitarian works, and we care not who claims merit for them, since the works themselves prove what we claim, that is, that the essence of goodness or God in the human soul will outwork into harmonious and happy accord with the Divine Mind or God Spirit, that controls and pervades all things in the Infinite Universe.

Orthodoxy claims that the Bible is an infallible plenary and ultimate rule of faith and practice, given by God himself through His holy prophets and inspired minds directly to mankind. If our reasons and intuitions dissent from this, we are told that they must be crucified upon the altar of unquestionable faith—that reason is carnal, and intuition not to be trusted, if not in accord with orthodox teachings.

It seems to us, with all due deference, since there is no living witness to testify to us of the divine authenticity of the Bible, and since its production was completed hundreds of years before we were born, that the whole question as to its divine authenticity, as well as what it prescribes as to faith and practice, are submitted to the determination of our reasons and intuitions individually, that is, that each individual has for himself or herself the whole question to determine. The whole question is one of evidence, that each individual must determine. Orthodoxy

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